

The Historie of

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a thotten herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while, a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing *Psalmes*, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Princ. How now *Wolfsacke*, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of *Wales*.

Prin. Why you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answere me to that, and *poines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile see thee damnde eare I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I cold run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me, giue me a cup of sack, I am a rogue if I drunk to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunkst last.

Fal. All's one for that.

He drinks.

A plague of all cowars still say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it *Iacke*, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I weare not a halfe sword, with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the

Hose,

Henry t

Hose, my buckler cut through like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I man, all would not do. A plague if they speake more or lesse than the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake firs, how was it?

Rofs. Wee foure set vpon

Falst. Sixteene at least, my

Rofs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were no

Fal. You rogue they were but a few else, an Ebrew Iew.

Rofs. As we were sharing, son

Fal. And vnbound the rest.

Prin. What fought ye with

Fal. All? I know not what, with fifty of them, I am a but two or three and fifty vpon poore leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue n

Pal. Nay that's past praying for them, Two I am sure I haue p futes: I tell thee what *Hal*, if I me Horse: thou knowest my bore my point: foure rogues in

Prin. What, foure? thou said

Fal. Foure *Hal*, I told thee

Poin. I, I; he said foure.

Fal. These foure came all at I made no more adoe, but too Target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there wer

Fal. In Buccorom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buccorom

Fal. Seuen, by these Hilts,

Prin. Prethee let him alone

Fal. Doeft thou heare me

Prin. I and marke thee too